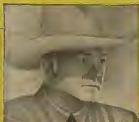


BIG 32 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

# WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

SEPT. NO. 94



BILL BOYD



TOM MIX



MONTÉ HALE



GABBY HAYES

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE  
**BANK  
BUSTERS**

HOPALONG CASSIDY ★ GENE AUTRY ★ CISCO KID & PANCHO



# KIDS SEE FAMOUS COWBOY STARS

in magic realism of  
**VIEW-MASTER FULL COLOR  
PICTURES IN 3 DIMENSIONS**

Here's good news for cowboy fans! View-Master brings you thrilling, new "come to life" stereo photos of favorite Western Stars. These amazing Kodachrome pictures, when seen through a View-Master Stereoscope, actually make people appear real as life. Stereo pictures are mounted in long wearing, seven-scene Reels for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors. Get your set of View-Master Cowboy Reels today!



## VIEW-MASTER REELS

35c each, 3 for \$1.00

SEVEN EXCITING  
SCENES ON  
EACH REEL

★ ★ ★  
**ALSO SEE WILD ANIMALS...**

**TARZAN... INDIANS... FAIRY TALES  
IN MAGIC COLOR AND DEPTH**

View-Master stereo pictures are educational as well as entertaining. Subjects for children include hundreds of "travel" Reels showing three dimension scenic and historic views of America, Africa, Europe and Asia. See for yourself!



## VIEW-MASTER STEREOSCOPE

For viewing  
View-Master  
picture Reels  
in three dimensions



Projects View-Master Reels  
**JR. PROJECTOR**

© Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon

**\$995**

**\$200**

Ask to See **VIEW-MASTER** STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES AT CAMERA, GIFT AND DEPARTMENT STORES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LA RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN  
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



# Bill Boyd and The FIERY FATE!



WHEN THE WANDERING COWBOY, BILL BOYD HELPS TO STOP AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN TWO MEN, HE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT IT MAY LEAD TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH IN THE ADVENTURE OF THE FIERY FATE!

WHY, THAT'S DEWELL SHAGG AND TED O'HEN FIGHTING! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY BEAT THEIR BRAINS OUT!

HEY, YOU  
TWO — STOP  
FIGHTING!



WHAT'S  
THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

SHAGG STARTED TO  
THROW PUNCHES AT  
ME WHEN I REFUSED  
TO TURN HIS RANCH  
BACK TO HIM!



IT'S MY RANCH  
AND I WANT  
IT BACK!

IT'S MINE FOR  
ANOTHER FOUR  
YEARS! YUH RENTED  
IT TO ME FER FIVE  
YEARS AND I'M GOING  
TO KEEP IT TILL  
THE TIME IS UP!



I CAN'T WAIT  
THAT LONG!  
I NEED THE  
RANCH NOW,  
MYSELF!

I'M SORRY, BUT I INVESTED ALL MY  
MONEY IN CATTLE AND MAKING  
IMPROVEMENTS, FIGGERING I'D  
BE HYAR FOR THE FULL FIVE YEARS!  
I'LL NEED ALL THAT TIME TO  
MAKE MY MONEY BACK—  
AND SOME PROFIT,  
TOO, I HOPE!



I'M ASKING YUH FER  
THE LAST TIME! LET  
ME HAVE MY  
RANCH BACK!

I HAVE THE SIGNED  
CONTRACT AND AS LONG  
AS I KEEP UP THE RENT  
PAYMENTS, THE SPREAD IS  
MINE FOR THE NEXT  
FOUR YEARS!



HE'S RIGHT,  
SHAGG! YOU  
MADE A  
BUSINESS  
DEAL AND  
YOU CAN'T  
BREAK IT!  
O'HEN'S GOT  
THE LAW ON  
HIS SIDE!

THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
THE LAW INTO MY OWN  
HANDS! I CAN GET FIVE  
TIMES THE AMOUNT OF  
RENT O'HEN IS PAYING ME  
FER THIS SPREAD FROM  
THAT FOOL FARMER IN  
THE NEXT COUNTY AND  
I'M NOT GOING TO LET  
THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY  
SLIP OUT OF MY  
HANDS!



O'HEN HAS ALL HIS MONEY  
TIED UP IN HIS CATTLE! IF  
ANYTHING HAPPENED TO  
THEM, HE'D BE GLAD TO  
GET OFF THIS RANCH!  
WAL, I'M GOING TO SEE  
TO IT THAT SOMETHING  
DOES HAPPEN TO THEM!



I'LL GO FIND  
DIGGER HALAS!  
HE'LL DO  
ANYTHING  
FER A FEW  
BUCKS!

THERE  
HE GOES!



WAL, BILL, I'M POWERFUL  
GLAD TO SEE YUH! HOW  
ABOUT STAYING HYAR AS  
MY GUEST FER A FEW  
DAYS!

I'LL STAY FER CHOW,  
TED, BUT THEN I'LL  
BE AMBLING  
ALONG!



IN THIS KIND OF WEATHER  
I LIKE TO WANDER AROUND!  
AND AT NIGHT THE ONLY KIND  
OF ROOF I WANT OVER MY  
HEAD IS THE SKY!

STILL THE SAME  
OLD BILL, EH? OKAY,  
LET'S HIT THE FEED  
BAG!



Later, in town...

HOWDY, DIGGER!  
KEEP YORE VOICE  
LOW SO NO ONE  
CAN HEAR! HOW'D  
YUH LIKE TO MAKE  
A HUNDRED  
DOLLARS?

A HUNDRED  
DOLLARS! THAT'S  
FER ME! I'LL  
DO ANYTHING  
FER THAT  
KIND OF  
DOUGH!



I FIGGERED  
YUH WOULD!  
I WANT YUH TO  
BURN UP THE  
RANCH I RENTED  
TO O'HEN!

BUT THAT'S  
REALLY  
YORE  
SPREAD!



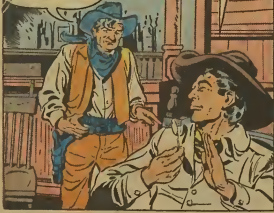
NEVER MIND THAT! SPREAD  
KEROSENE ALL AROUND THE  
CORRAL AND SET IT ON FIRE  
SO ALL THE CATTLE WILL  
EITHER BURN UP OR  
TRAMPLE THEMSELVES  
TO DEATH IN THEIR  
PANIC!

WHAT  
ABOUT  
O'HEN?



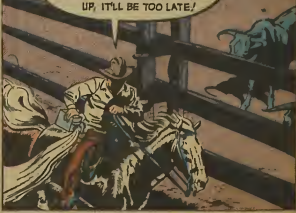
LEAVE HIM ALONE! I'M  
ONLY INTERESTED IN HAVING  
THE CATTLE DESTROYED!  
NOW MAKE SHORE YUH  
DO A GOOD JOB!

DON'T WORRY!  
IT'LL BE A  
CINCH!



That night...

ALL I HAVE TO DO  
IS POUR THIS KEROSENE  
IN A CIRCLE AROUND THE CORRAL  
AND THEN PUT A MATCH TO IT!  
BY THE TIME O'HEN WAKES  
UP, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!





WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON  
THAR?

IT'S O'HEN!  
HE MUST HAVE  
HEARD  
ME!

DIGGER HALAS!  
THAT'S KEROSENE  
YO'RE SPREADING!  
YO'RE TRYING TO  
SET MY SPREAD  
ON FIRE!

HE RECOGNIZED  
ME! I'LL  
HAVE TO  
SHOOT  
HIM!

NO, NO! DON'T—  
ODF!

**BANG!**

I KILLED HIM! I'VE  
GOT TO VAMOOSE!

O'HEN'S LANTERN ROLLED ONTO  
THE KEROSENE-SOAKED GROUND  
AND IT'S GOING UP IN  
FLAMES!

*Some distance away, on  
the open plains...*

(SNIFF, SNIFF)  
I SMELL  
SMOKE!

WHY, THAT BLAZE SEEMS TO BE COMING  
FROM O'HEN'S SPREAD! C'MON, MIDNITE!  
WE'VE GOT TO MAKE  
THE DUST FLY!

*It doesn't take the lightning-fast Midnite  
long to carry his master to O'Hen's  
ranch ---*

THE CORRAL IS ABLAZE! I'VE GOT TO GET THE  
CATTLE OUT OF THERE BEFORE IT ALL GOES UP  
IN FLAMES! THERE'S O'HEN LYING ON  
THE GROUND! HE MUST HAVE FAINTED!  
HIS NIGHTSHIRT HAS CAUGHT  
ON FIRE!



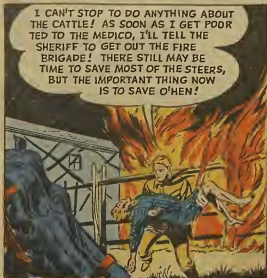
*The courageous Bill Boyd risks his life to save that of his friend ---*



PHIEW, THE FIRE IS OUT! I BURNED MY HANDS A LITTLE, BUT IT WAS WELL WORTH IT! HMMM, O'HEN IS STILL OUT! MAYBE I CAN -- WHAT! HE'S BEEN SHOT! SOMEONE STARTED THIS FIRE AND THEN PUT A BULLET IN HIM!



HE'S STILL ALIVE! I MUST RUSH HIM TO A DOCTOR!



I CAN'T STOP TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE CATTLE! AS SOON AS I GET POOR TED TO THE MEDICO, I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF TO GET OUT THE FIRE BRIGADE! THERE STILL MAY BE TIME TO SAVE MOST OF THE STEERS, BUT THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO SAVE O'HEN!



*Bill rushes the stricken O'Hen to the doctor in town and, later ---*

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BOYD! YOU GOT HIM HYAR JUST IN TIME! YOU CAN SEE HIM FOR A FEW MOMENTS!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS, DOCTOR!

THANKS, BILL!  
THE DOC TOLD  
ME I'D HAVE  
BEEN A GONER  
IF IT WASN'T  
FER YUH!



FORGET IT, TED!  
I'M GLAD I COULD  
HELP! TELL ME,  
DID YOU SEE  
WHO SHOT YOU  
AND SET THE  
CORRAL AFLAME?

YES! IT WAS  
DIGGER HALAS!  
I RECKON ALL  
MY STEERS  
PERISHED IN  
THE FIRE! I'M  
RUINED!



THE FIRE BRIGADE  
PUT OUT THE BLAZE  
IN NO TIME!  
EXCEPT FOR THE  
CORRAL, THERE  
WAS PRACTICALLY  
NO DAMAGE!

SO IT WAS DIGGER HALAS!  
WELL, I'M GOING TO GET THAT  
ARSONIST! I KNOW THE  
SHACK WHERE  
HE BUNKS!



*Bill speeds out to Digger's shack ---*



HE'S NOT HERE!

WAIT! WHY SHOULD DIGGER HAVE  
WANTED TO SET FIRE TO O'HEN'S SPREAD  
AND KILL HIM? IT DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE! HE HAD NOTHING TO  
GAIN -- UNLESS HE WAS GETTING  
PAID TO DO IT FOR  
SOMEONE ELSE!



AND I HAVE A SNEAKING  
SUSPICION THAT IT WAS DEWELL  
SHAGG! C'MON, MIDNITE,  
WE'RE GOING TO VISIT MISTER  
SHAGG RIGHT NOW AND I  
HAVE A MIGHTY STRONG HUNCH  
WE'LL FIND DIGGER THERE, TOO!



*Meanwhile, at Dewell  
Shagg's house ---*

YUH CRAZY FOOL,  
I DIDN'T WANT YUH  
TO KILL O'HEN! GET  
OUT OF HYAR!  
I DON'T WANT  
TO HAVE ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH A  
MURDERER!

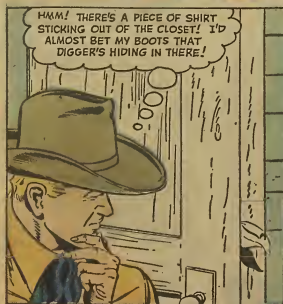
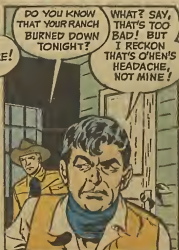
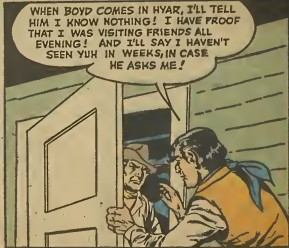
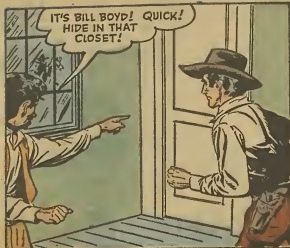
YO'RE IN  
THIS AS DEEP  
AS I AM! I'M  
NOT LEAVING!  
YUH'VE GOT  
TO HIDE ME  
SOMEWHAR!

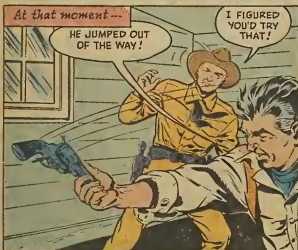


WHAT WAS THAT?  
I HEARD  
SOMETHING!







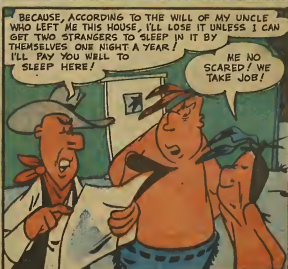
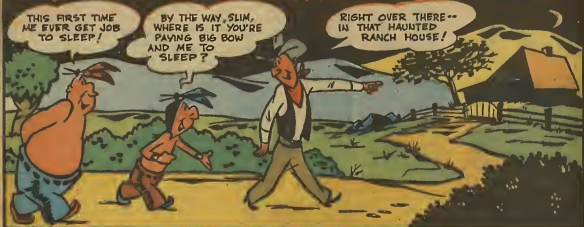


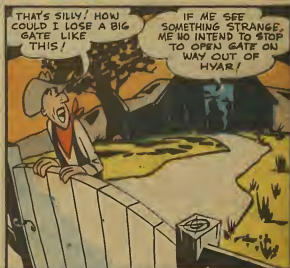
# Li'l BUCK

EASY AS PIE!



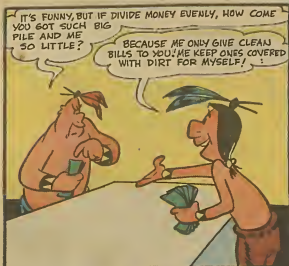
# big bow and little Arrow AND THE HAUNTED RANCH HOUSE











# GABBY HAYES

GABBY GOES  
WOOL-GATHERING!

BANG!

BANG!

ALL THE NEIGHBORING RANCHERS ARE VERY FOND OF GABBY HAYES, GARRULLOUS FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH! BUT SUDDENLY THIS FRIENDSHIP TURNS TO VIOLENT HATE! IN CATTLE COUNTRY THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE REASON! GABBY IS SUSPECTED OF BECOMING A SHEEPMAN!

A STRANGER RIDES THE TRAIL TOWARD THE BAR NOTHING RANCH!

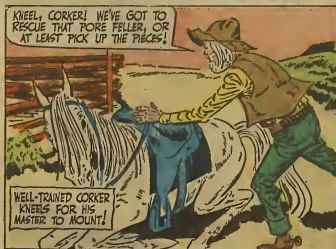


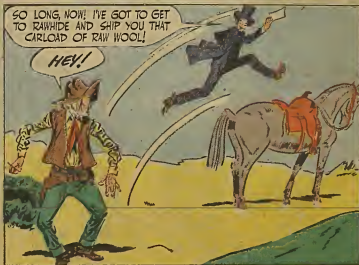
AH, THERE'S THE BAR NOTHING RANCH!



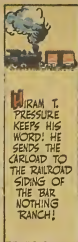
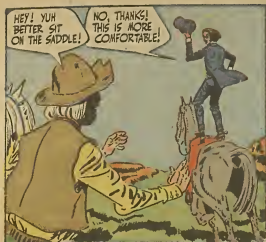
... AND THERE SITS MY VICTIM!











**GABBY TRES TO CORRAL HIS INVESTMENT!**



COME ON, FELLERS!  
HELP ME ROUND UP  
THOSE PESKY CRITTERS!

NOT  
US!

ROUND 'EM UP  
YORESELF, LEETLE  
'BO PEEEP!

WE'RE NOT  
SHEEPMEN!

WE  
HATE  
SHEEP!

**WORKING ALONE, GABBY FINALLY  
GETS THE SHEEP PENNED!**



WHEW! I HATE SHEEP MYSELF! BUT I  
BOUGHT THESE AND I'VE GOT TO KEEP  
'EM TILL I GET MY 'MONEY BACK!

WELL, GABBY! YOU'RE BOUND TO GET  
RICH! I HEAR THERE'S A NEW FACTORY  
STARTING UP IN TOWN! THEY'RE GOING  
TO MANUFACTURE WOOLEN EAR MUFFS  
FOR CHILLY COYOTES!



**BUT MOST OF THE CATTLEMEN DON'T  
SEE ANYTHING FUNNY ABOUT IT!**



RAISING  
SHEEP  
ON THE  
BAR  
NOTHING!  
AN  
OUTRAGE!

WEVE  
GOT TO  
GET RID  
OF 'EM!

GABBY  
SHOULD  
BE RODE  
OUT OF  
TOWN  
ON A  
RAIL!

WE'LL  
VOTE  
ON IT  
AT THE  
MEETING  
TODAY!

**GABBY GOES TO THE MEETING,  
UNAWARE OF THE STRONG  
FEELING AGAINST HIM!**



MAYBE I CAN GET  
SOME ORDERS HERE!

**CATCALLS GREET GABBY AS HE STEPS TO THE PLATFORM!**



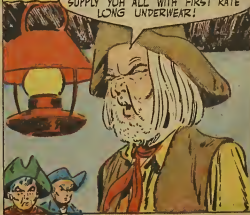
BOOO! BAAAAH!  
BAAAAH!

SHEEP! SHEEP!  
THROW HIM OUT!

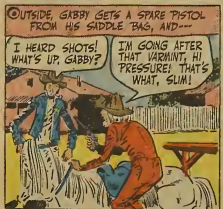
DO  
PEEEEP!

WAIT A  
MINUTE  
FELLERS!

**SOON...**



... AND THE WOOL OFF MY SHEEP WILL  
SUPPLY YUH ALL WITH FIRST RATE  
LONG UNDERWEAR!





OH, SO YOU HEERED ABOUT THE NEW WOOLLY EAR MUFF FACTORY, TOO?

EAR MUFF FACTORY? HERE? IN RAWHIDE?



A FELLOW TOLD ME ABOUT IT! I WAS AIMING TO BUY SOME MORE RAW WOOL FROM YOU AND ASK YOU TO HOLD THIS VALUABLE GUN AS SECURITY!

EAR MUFF FACTORY! LISTEN! I'LL BUY BACK MY SHEEP! HERE'S YOUR CHECK AND ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BESIDES!



IT'S A DEAL! BY THE WAY, THE FELLOW THAT TOLD ME ABOUT THE EAR MUFF FACTORY IS THE BIGGEST LIAR IN THESE PARTS!

Ooo...



GAB, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! NOW I'VE GOT TO ARREST YOU FOR MURDER!



I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM, SLIM! HE FAINTED!

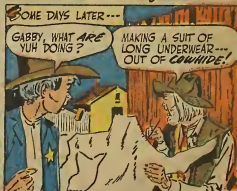
GLUB! SPLUTTER!

SPLASH!



NOW, MISTER, YOU TAKE BACK YORE PESKY SHEEP, PRONTO!

YES, SIR! THEN I'M GOING BACK TO MY OLD JOB AS A CIRCUS DAREDEVIL! IT'S LESS DANGEROUS THAN BEING A WOOL SALESMAN!



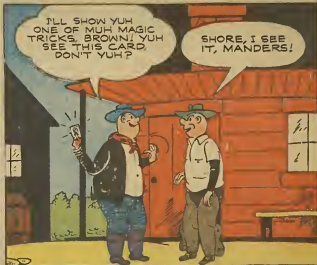
SOME DAYS LATER---

GABBY, WHAT ARE YUH DOING?


MAKING A SUIT OF LONG UNDERWEAR--- OUT OF COWHIDE!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF **GABBY HAYES** IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE **GABBY HAYES WESTERN** AND IN **WESTERN HERO** AND **MONTY HALE WESTERN** EVERY MONTH!










# BORDER FRACAS



*A Slim Carson Story*

*By Dick Kraus*

**S**LIM CARSON'S shoulders squared, and his eyes slitted to a thin line as he faced the group of angry riders. Reining his big buckskin horse in, the youthful lawman tried to keep his voice down.

"You men are making a mistake!" he husked. "In the first place, you're not even sure that it was the Mexican squatters along the Rio that ran off with your horses. In the second place, even if they did, mob action like this isn't going to help things any. Think it over. Go home and get the sheriff. Let him attend to this!"

"Bah!" grunted big Bart O'Doul angrily. He swung about and faced the other ranchers.

"For two years these Mexicans have been living on the bend of the river. They've been grazing their cattle across our fences all along. And now a whole herd of the O-D remuda are gone. Fifteen good cow ponies. They've got them, all right. And the only way to get them back is to go gunning for them!"

Muttering in agreement, the other ranchers swung their horses about. "Let's get moving," one of them shouted. "We'll get back our horses and wreck those adobe shacks they live in. That'll teach them the kind of lesson they need!"

As one, the ranchers spurred their horses. With O'Doul in the lead, they began to lope away from Slim Carson, down the river road. Above them, the sky was black and forbidding, and the air was empty and strangely still. Trouble was brewing . . . bad trouble!

For the past two years, there had been friction between the American ranchers, who lived along the Rio bend, and the Mexican settlers who farmed and herded nearby. Now, with the disappearance of Bart O'Doul's prize cow ponies, the friction came to a head. With the ranchers galloping hard toward the Mexican settlement, gunplay was imminent.

Slim Carson had sworn to uphold the law along the border—to fight the badmen who used the shallow river as a means of evading justice.

But he knew, too, that his job was not only

to punish the criminal, but to protect the innocent. And he was convinced from his friendship with the Mexican settlers that they had not broken any law. So, as the ranchers sped away, Slim kneeed the buckskin horse forward. A lean, hard hand gripped the big horse's reins, and a steely voice whispered in his ear. "Let's go, old son. Time to prevent a ruckus!"

But, galloping along, Slim suddenly realized that danger did not come only from the band of armed ranchers. It came also from the dark sky—and from the strange stillness in the air that he had noticed before. For now, a sudden wind was rustling the chaparral and shrub oak.

The wind grew stronger, until it was howling. It lashed mercilessly at Slim's face, and his eyes filled with tears.

And how, he saw the cause of it! A few miles ahead, off to the right, there was a great, black, spinning column! Whirling over the prairie like a fanatical dervish, it came on—twisting and swooping. At every moment, it came closer and closer, and grew larger and larger.

Slim cupped his hands over his mouth and shouted desperately at the riders ahead. "Tornado!" he yelled. "Tornado ahead!"

Turning in sudden alarm, the riders saw the oncoming black menace! It was only a mile ahead now, and advancing fast! Soon it would be upon them. One of the men pointed desperately at a building by the side of the trail. It was the superstructure of an old abandoned silver mine.

"Quick," he called to the others, his voice a faint whisper in the breeze. "Cut the horses loose. Let them scatter. And take shelter . . . down there!"

The riders flung themselves from their mounts, and raced for the shelter of the old mine shaft. They clambered inside quickly. Slim reined the buckskin in. There was no time for him to reach the old mine; the tornado was towering over him now. Desperately, Slim saw a boulder by the side of the trail. It was a huge, overhanging rock. He kneeed

the buckskin toward it. In a moment, reaching it, he leaped from the saddle and drew the big horse toward him. Together, the two huddled in the shelter of the overhanging boulder.

Beside him, Slim could feel the trembling of the buckskin . . . and he knew, that the animal had faith in him. . . . Then the tornado struck! With the howl of a thousand banshees and the tremendous power of a giant landslide, it slammed against the prairie. Tiny, irresistible fingers seemed to claw at Slim's clothing and pull at the horse. The suction grew and grew, but still he held back. Then, in a moment, it had passed by.

Looking out from the boulder, Slim suddenly stared with shock! The storm column had passed directly over the old silver mine! Where the shack had been, now there was only a twisted mass of timber and jagged boards sticking up out of the ground.

He ran to it! Bending over the old shaft, he saw that its walls had collapsed, and the superstructure had fallen in, trapping the men inside! They were helpless down there. There was no means of escape!

Slim stood up suddenly! What could he do, by himself? Was there any way for him to get the men out . . . before they suffocated? He clenched his fists in futility. Then the thought came to him. What of the Mexican settlers? Many of them had worked in the silver mines before they bought their own spreads. Maybe they would be able to dig out the trapped ranchers.

Slim whistled for the buckskin and vaulted onto the racing horse. There was not a second to be lost!

Half an hour later, he returned to the fallen-in shaft. This time, there were fifteen Mexicans with him, all carrying picks and shovels and ropes! They, themselves, had barely escaped the full force of the tornado. When Slim rode up, they were busy trying to gather their scattered herds and undo the damage caused by the winds.

But, when the slim young lawman told them of the danger of the men trapped in the old mines, they quickly agreed to help.

Now they went to work with a will, clearing away the top timber, gradually hoisting up fallen rocks and dirt, and beginning to shore up the sides. They worked with a frantic urgency, knowing that the air below must be getting bad—that there was a great danger of suffocation. Side by side, Slim Carson toiled with them — perspiration pouring down his face and arms, as it did theirs.

Working with tremendous haste, one of the settlers accidentally drove his pick too close to the leg of one of the others. An angry gash was the result.

"You're hurt! You'd better get out," Slim urged.

"No!" said the Mexican, his lips white with pain. "Not until *they*," and he nodded his head downward, "are safe!"

Finally, they removed a huge, bulking timber, and a passageway was opened for the men below. One of the slenderest of the Mexicans, a young herder, eased his way down with a rope. He attached the rope to one of the injured ranchers and helped hoist him up.

An hour later, the rescue job was complete. All of the ranchers lay about with the Mexicans binding up their injuries. Big Bart O'Doul hobbled over to one of the rescuers—the man who had a pick driven into his leg . . . and who had continued to work!

"Mister," O'Doul said heavily, "I want to thank you for my life!"

"Thank? Gracias?" The Mexican smiled widely. "Si! It is all right. You will do the same for us, some time!"

"You don't understand," O'Doul said. "We lost some horses, and we were blaming you for it. We figured you rustled them. We were coming to wreck your shacks, to drive you out of the bend country. We still don't know where those horses are, but now it doesn't seem to matter so much!"

**S**UDDENLY, Slim Carson grasped the big rancher's elbow and swung him around. He pointed high up toward the mesa land, past the river. There, still tiny in the distance, they could see a herd of fifteen horses, loping down toward them. It was too far away to see the brand. Undoubtedly, these were the horses from the O-D spread.

"They must have run off from your ranch, Bart," Slim said. "And then, when this tornado hit, it scared them into coming back."

Watching the horses approach, each man began to smile. Evidently, the tornado had done two things for the border land. It had brought back the missing herd of cow ponies, and it had planted the seeds of a friendship that would not die!

THE END

*SLIM CARSON battles on the side of law and order in every issue of WESTERN HERO.*

# MONTE HALE

BATTLES  
THE  
GREAT  
HUNGER!

RESTAURANT-BAR

EATS

NO FOOD  
TODAY

LADIES  
INVITED

STORE  
CLOSED

BANG!

GENERAL ST

SOLD OUT  
NO MORE  
PROVISIONS

BANG!

BANG!

Monte Hale eats the most expensive meal of his life --- and then starts to find out why a steak cost him EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS! He finds the answer spelled out in the roar and smoke of six-guns!

WHY...WHY, IT'S  
GOLD!

WEEKLY EAGLE  
AUGUST 9, 1869

GOLD FOUND IN  
LOST PIKE  
COUNTRY!

PEOPLE FLOCKING  
TO SITE OF RICH  
STRIKE! SMALL  
TOWN BOOMING

BANDIT  
RAILROAD  
\$10,000 IN

SHERIFF  
ARRESTS

LOOK AT 'EM COME!  
INSIDE OF A WEEK  
THERE'LL BE MORE  
PEOPLE IN LOST  
PIKE THAN THE  
TOWN COULD  
POSSIBLY  
HANDLE!

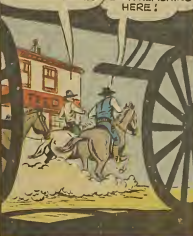
GOLD  
DRAWS 'EM  
LIKE FLIES,  
MR. VINGO!

I'VE GOT THE ONLY SIZABLE HERD OF CATTLE IN THESE PARTS. THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS WOULDN'T BUY MY BEEF! POOR QUALITY THEY SAID! BUT THESE FOLKS WILL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO TAKE IT----AND AT MY PRICE!



THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF OTHER RANCHERS SHIPPING CATTLE HERE, MR. VINGO! THAT'LL DRIVE DOWN THE PRICE!

IT WON'T BE TOO HARD TO KEEP OTHER CATTLE FROM EVER REACHING HERE!



A WEEK LATER, WHEN MONTE HALE RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF LOST PIKE---

SHORE IS PLENTY OF ACTIVITY! NOTHING LIKE A GOLD STRIKE TO START THINGS MOVING IN A SLEEPY COWTOWN!



I'LL STOP HERE FOR SOMETHING TO EAT!

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR MONTE HALE TO PACK AWAY A HEARTY MEAL--

THAT WAS A MIGHTY TOUGH STEAK! HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS!



I GUESS I DIDN'T HEAR RIGHT, MISTER! SOUNDED TO ME AS IF YOU SAID EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR THAT STEAK DINNER!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID! THE PRICE IS RIGHT THERE ON THE MENU!

SPECIAL EGG SANDWICH \$5.00

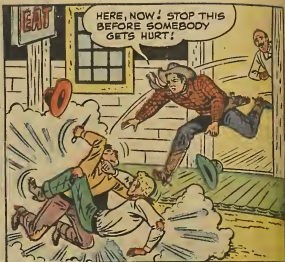
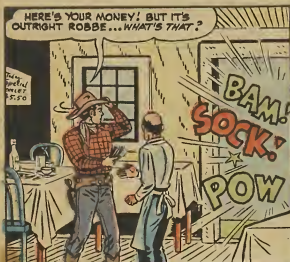


THIS IS CRAZY! I KNOW THINGS ARE HIGH IN A GOLD STRIKE TOWN! BUT I NEVER HEARD OF PRICES LIKE THESE!

THAT'S NOT MY FAULT, STRANGER! FOOD IS A LOT SCARCER THAN GOLD IN THIS TOWN!









MEANWHILE, AT VINGO'S BAR & RANCH HOUSE--

BOSS, THREE THOUSAND HEAD OF CATTLE ARE HEADED THIS WAY! THEY'RE BRINGING 'EM IN TO RELIEVE THE FOOD SHORT-AGE!

HANDLE 'EM JUST THE WAY YOU DID THE OTHERS!

BLOW UP THE BRIDGES AND STAMPEDE THE CATTLE! IF THAT DOESN'T DISCOURAGE 'EM, SET UP AN AMBUSH FOR THE RIDERS!

MIGHTY ROUGH TREATMENT, IF YOU ASK ME!

SOUNDS DOWNRIGHT ILLEGAL TO ME! THE OWNER OF THOSE CATTLE HAS JUST AS MUCH RIGHT TO SELL THEM HERE AS YOU HAVE!

YOU'RE STICKING YORE FACE INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! SILENCE HIM, CHUCK!

WHO, ME? THAT'S MONTE HALE! I DON'T AIM TO MATCH TRIGGERS WITH HIM!

WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!

HEY!

WHAM!

CALL THE BOYS!....  
..UHHHH!

I RECKON YOU WON'T LISTEN TO REASON AFTER ALL!

BANG!

SOCK

I'M WARNING YOU! I'M GOING TO BRING IN THOSE CATTLE! AND I'M LIABLE TO GET ROUGH WITH ANY HOMBRES WHO TRY TO STOP ME!

BANG!

BANG!

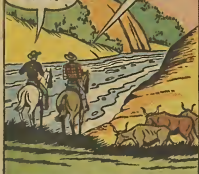
BANG!

EYOW!

LATER, A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF  
LOST PIKE ....

I APPRECIATE YOUR  
OFFER TO HELP, MONTE  
HALE ! BUT THERE'S  
NOTHING MUCH WE  
CAN DO ! MY MEN  
REPORT THAT ALL  
THE BRIDGES ARE  
DOWN ALONG THE  
RIVER !

THEN  
YOU'VE  
GOT TO  
TAKE  
YOUR  
HERD  
ACROSS !



FORD THOSE  
RAPIDS WITH  
THREE  
THOUSAND  
HEAD OF  
CATTLE ? IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE !

GET YOUR  
WRANGLERS  
TOGETHER !  
I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA !



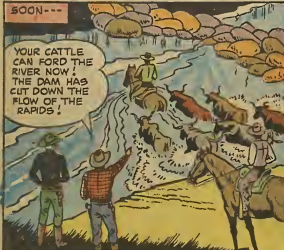
AT A SHALLOW BEND IN THE RIVER,  
MONTE AND THE RANGE RIDERS CON-  
STRUCT A RUDE DAM OF ROCK !

WE'RE ALMOST FINISHED !  
HURRY UP, MEN !



SOON ---

YOUR CATTLE  
CAN FORD THE  
RIVER NOW !  
THE DAM HAS  
CUT DOWN THE  
FLOW OF THE  
RAPIDS !



JUMPING GILA  
MONSTERS ! IT'S  
AN AMBUSH !

OOF !

BANG !

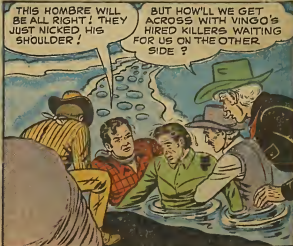


THEY WAITED UNTIL  
WE WERE IN MID-RIVER  
TO ATTACK !



THIS HOMBRE WILL  
BE ALL RIGHT ! THEY  
JUST NICKED HIS  
SHOULDER !

BUT HOW'LL WE GET  
ACROSS WITH VINGO'S  
HIRED KILLERS WAITING  
FOR US ON THE OTHER  
SIDE ?



SHORTLY AFTER--

SET YOUR BOYS TO WHITTILING OUT A FEW BOWS AND ARROWS! THERE'S ENOUGH OIL IN THESE LANTERNS TO SOAK THEM IN!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MONTE?

WE'LL BORROW AN OLD TRICK FROM THE INDIANS----FLAMING ARROWS! VINGO'S KILLERS WILL FIND OUT WE CAN FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!

WITH THE FIRST GLIMMERING OF DAWN, THE UNUSUAL ATTACK IS LAUNCHED! BLAZING ARROWS SOAKED IN OIL DESCEND UPON THE OPPOSITE RIVER BANK!



THIS OUGHT TO SMOKE 'EM OUT! THE WIND'S BLOWING TOWARD US!



EEOOW!  
THE WOODS  
ARE ON  
FIRE!

WE'RE CUT OFF!  
HEAD FOR THE  
RIVER!



DON'T SHOOT!  
WE SURRENDER!

I'M NOT  
BEATEN  
YET!

SPLASH!



I'LL ESCAPE DOWN  
RIVER, WHILE THEY'RE  
ROUNDING UP THE  
REST OF MY MEN!

HINGO'S  
GETTING  
AWAY!



THANKS TO YOU,  
MONTE, WE CAPTURED  
HINGO'S MEN; AND WE  
CAN START MOVING  
OUR CATTLE!

I WON'T FEEL SAFE UNTIL  
THAT COYOTE HINGO IS  
IN THE HANDS OF THE  
LAW! SOMETHING TELLS  
ME HE'S GOT ANOTHER  
TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE!

MONTE HALE'S SUSPICION IS CORRECT! AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE STREETS OF LOST PIKE ...

THEY'RE BRINGING IN DISEASED CATTLE! THOSE HOMBRES WILL DO ANYTHING FOR PROFIT---EVEN SELL BAD MEAT TO POISON US ALL!

THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



LATER, ON THE TRAIL INTO LOST PIKE ...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FOLKS?

YOU KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU MURDERERS! NO ONE'S GOING TO BRING IN DISEASED BEEF! TURN BACK OR WE'LL KILL EVERY LAST MAN!



NO SENSE GETTING RILED! HERE'S THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR'S APPROVAL FOR THIS BEEF WE'RE BRINGING IN!

IT'S A FORGERY! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!



QUICKER THAN A CAT, MONTE STRIKES!

THEN WHY ARE YOU WILLING TO SHOOT TO KEEP THEM FROM SEEING THAT PAPER!



HAD ENOUGH, VINGO? I RECKON YOU'D BETTER START TELLING THE TRUTH--FAST!

I KNOW WHEN I'M LUCKED! THEIR CATTLE'S ALL RIGHT! I JUST WANTED TO KEEP FOLKS HUNGRY, SO I COULD SELL MY CATTLE AT MY OWN PRICE!



THE LAW CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS RATTLE-SNAKE! LUCKY FOR YOU, MISTER, YOU HAD THAT GOVERNMENT PAPER WITH YOU!

OH, THIS? IT'S JUST A MENU FROM THAT RESTAURANT I ATE IN! I RECKON STEAKS WON'T BE COSTING EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS FROM NOW ON!



I KNEW VINGO WAS BLUFFING--SO I HAD TO TRICK HIM INTO SHOWING HIS HAND! IT WAS A GOOD GAME WHILE IT LASTED, BUT VINGO DIDN'T KNOW I WAS HOLDING THE JOKER!



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MONTE HALE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE MONTE HALE WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH!



# HILL and DALE

HOWDY, DALE! ARE YUH GOING TUH THAT FANCY SHINDIG SATURDAY NIGHT?

I SURE AM, HILL!

WAL, I HOPE YUH'LL BEHAVE BETTER THAN YUH DID AT THE LAST PARTY!

WHY, WHAT DID I DO WRONG THEN?

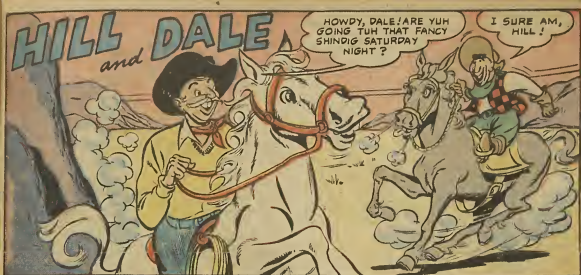
I TOLD YUH TUH BE SHORE TO WEAR A BOILED SHIRT, SO WHAT DID YUH DO?

WAL, WHAT DID I DO?

YUH WENT AND BOILED YORE SHIRT FER FIVE HOURS WITH THE CHICKEN SOUP!

!!!  
ooo

AND TUH MAKE MATTERS WORSE, IT WUZ A RED FLANNEL SHIRT, SO WHEN THE SOUP CAME TUH THE TABLE, EVERYBODY THOUGHT IT WUZ TOMATO SOUP!







**DOUBLE HEADER TODAY**

I GOT THE KNOT HOLE FIRST!

HEY! WHAT AILS PUD? HE MUST BE DUMB!

LOOK! HE'S GOIN' IN JANIE'S HOUSE!

DID YOU BRING THE DUBBLE BUBBLE?

IT'S A 2 BAGGER!

NOT SO DUMB! YOU CAN'T BLOW BUBBLES THROUGH A KNOT HOLE!

WHAT A GUM! DUBBLE BUBBLE SCORES DOUBLE WITH ME EVERY TIME!

**BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES -**

**PRICE - A PENNY A PIECE -**

**AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT -**

**1¢**

**DOUBLE BUBBLE**

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.  
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

**UNRUFFLED RUFFLES**

HUH? (GULP)

SO LONG, RUFFLES! IT WUZ A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YUH!

SAME HYAR, FILCHE! SO LONG!

(GULP) DON'T TELL ME YUH DID BUSINESS WITH THAT NO-GOOD VARMINT? THAT'S JEST WHAT I DID!

I BOUGHT SOME STOCK FROM HIM!

WHAT! (GULP) YUH BOUGHT STOCK FROM HIM? BUT THAT'S HIS CROOKEDEST RACKET!

HE FOOLED YUH! THAT STOCK HE SOLD YUH IS WORTHLESS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT...

... SO IS THE CHECK I GAVE HIM!

# BAN and JOE

HUH? WHAT'S  
THE IDEA OF JUMPING  
IN THE MUD PUDDLE,  
JOE?

MOVIE STAR

IF YO'RE A  
MOVIE STAR,  
MUH NAME  
IS MUD!

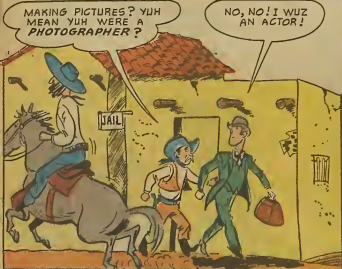
**SPLASH!**

**L**ATE ONE AFTERNOON.....

HUH? ISN'T THAT THE PHONY, BAN  
GETTING OUT OF THE STAGECOACH?  
SHORE IT IS!

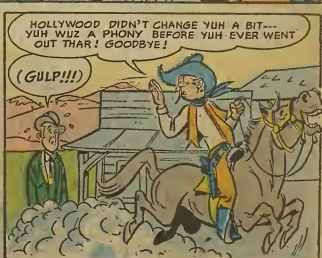
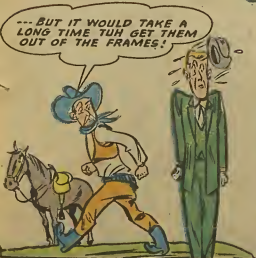
WAL, WAL, LOOK WHO'S STILL  
AROUND THIS ONE HOSS TOWN!  
HOWDY, JOE!

HOWDY,  
BAN!



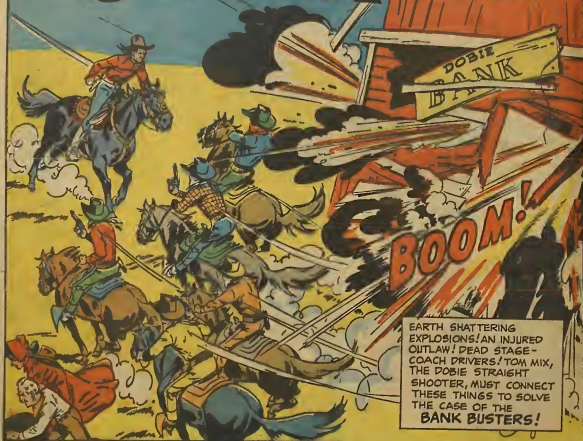




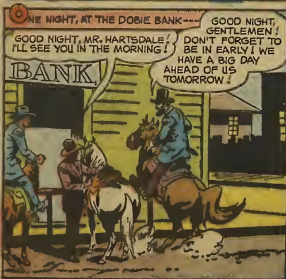


# TOM MIX

and  
**THE BANK  
BUSTERS!**

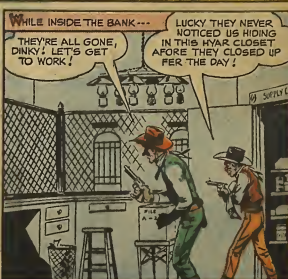


EARTH SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS! AN INJURED OUTLAW! DEAD STAGE-COACH DRIVERS! TOM MIX, THE DOBIE STRAIGHT SHOOTER, MUST CONNECT THESE THINGS TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE BANK BUSTERS!



ONE NIGHT, AT THE DOBIE BANK ---  
GOOD NIGHT, MR. HARTSDALE! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

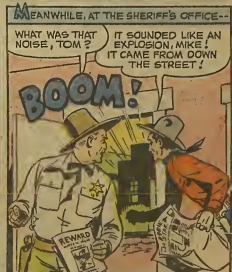
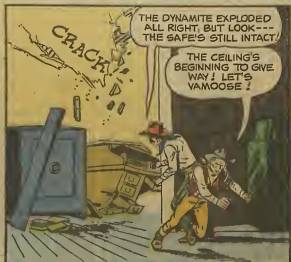
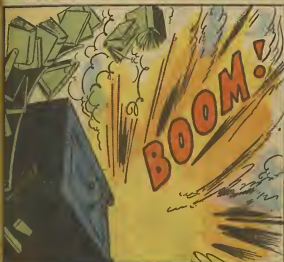
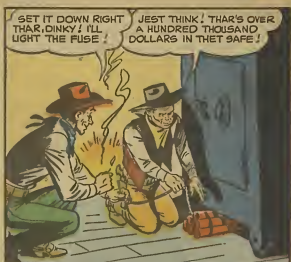
GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN! DON'T FORGET TO BE IN EARLY! WE HAVE A BIG DAY AHEAD OF US TOMORROW!

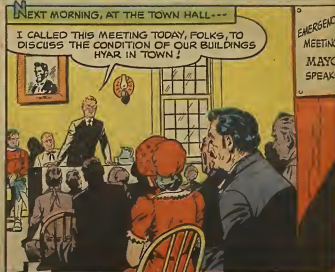


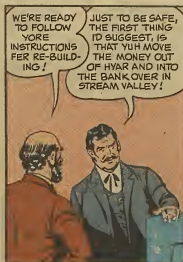
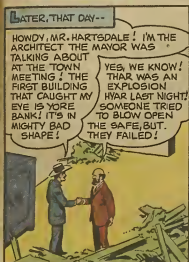
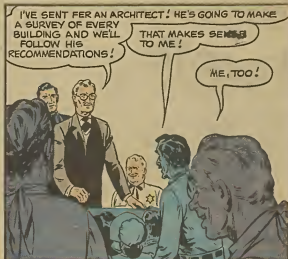
WHILE INSIDE THE BANK ---

THEY'RE ALL GONE, DINKY! LET'S GET TO WORK!

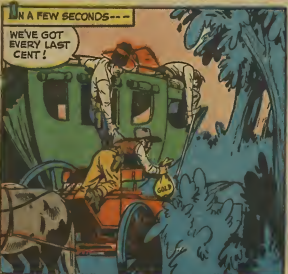
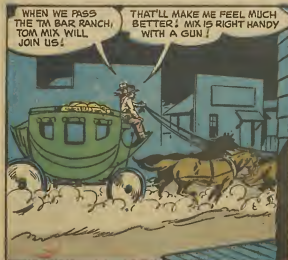
LUCKY THEY NEVER NOTICED US HIDING IN THIS HYAR CLOSET AFORE THEY CLOSED UP FER THE DAY!











SHORTLY AFTER---

ACCORDING TO MY WATCH, THE STAGECOACH CARRYING THE MONEY IS OVERDUE !



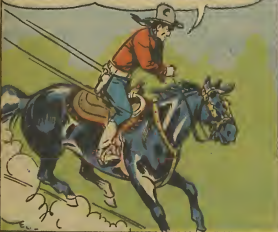
IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO RIDE TOWARD DOBIE ! IF THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY, I'LL MEET THEM !



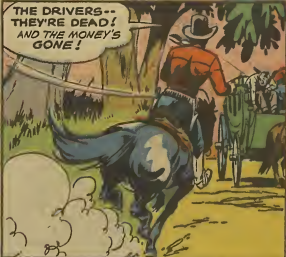
NOBODY KNEW THEY WERE HEAD-ING TOWARD STREAM VALLEY EXCEPT THE ARCHITECT, MR. HARTSDALE AND MYSELF !



MAYBE I'M JUST GETTING MYSELF WORKED UP OVER NOTHING ! THEY WERE PROBABLY DELAYED !



THE DRIVERS-- THEY'RE DEAD ! AND THE MONEY'S GONE !



THEY MUST HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED ! SOMEBODY WAS WAITING HERE FOR THEM !



I'LL REPORT THIS TO MR. HARTSDALE ! MAYBE HE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON IT !



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

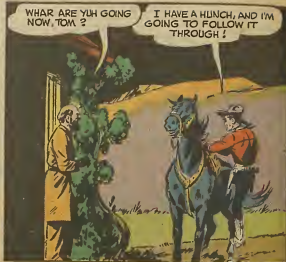
I SENT THE MONEY ON THE STAGECOACH, ON THE ADVICE OF THE ARCHITECT, WHO CAME FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE! NOBODY ELSE KNEW ABOUT IT EXCEPT US!

I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE OF THAT, MR. HARTSDALE!



WHAR ARE YUH GOING NOW, TOM?

I HAVE A HUNCH, AND I'M GOING TO FOLLOW IT THROUGH!



SHORTLY AFTER--

I HATE TO BARGE IN ON YOU AT THIS HOUR, MAYOR!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, TOM! I WAS SITTING UP LATE ANYWAY! MR. CRAIG HERE IS THE ARCHITECT I SENT FOR, AND I WAS GOING OVER SOME PLANS WITH HIM!



YUH JEST ARRIVED, TOM! WHAR ARE YUH GOING?

ACCORDING TO MR. HARTSDALE'S DESCRIPTION, THE FELLOW WHO GAVE HIM THAT ADVICE IS NOT THE MR. CRAIG WHO'S SITTING HERE!



THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING--- THAT OTHER FELLOW IS A PHONY! AND HE'S BEHIND THIS WHOLE AFFAIR!

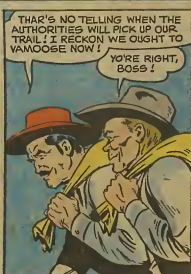


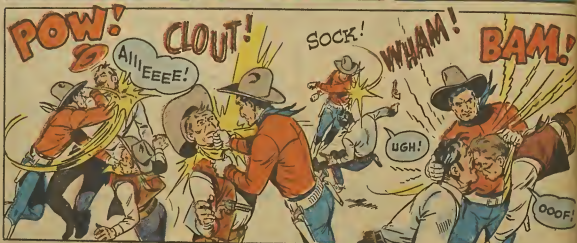
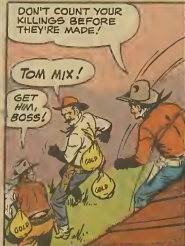
IT'S USELESS TO TRY TO GUESS WHICH WAY HE WENT!



I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH THE FELLOW WHO WAS HURT IN THAT BANK EXPLOSION! DOC GREENE SAID HE'D KEEP HIM AT HIS HOUSE TILL HE RECOVERED! THAT'S DOC GREENE'S PLACE UP AHEAD!







**TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!**

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 5:30 P.M.

DYNAMIC  
**ACTION**  
WITH YOUR FAVORITE  
WESTERN-COMICS  
HERO



# TOM MIX TRADING POST



LOOK WHAT YOU CAN GET AT  
**LOW COST** BY USING  
**SHREDDED RALSTON** BOX  
TOPS AT MY TRADING POST

A MINIATURE  
REPRODUCTION OF A FAMOUS  
RCA VICTOR

## Television Set

With 5 exciting toy television films  
of your favorite radio, television  
and movie stars.

Hold this amazing television set up  
to your eye...turn a hidden dial—  
and see these wonderful photos and  
picture stories of Lou Costello...Tom  
Mix...Marx Brothers...Kukla, Fran  
and Ollie...and U. S. Jet Planes  
in Action.



**BOTH  
FOR ONLY  
20¢ AND  
ONE  
SHREDDED RALSTON  
BOX TOP**

AN AMAZING, MYSTERIOUS

## Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring!

GLOWS LIKE A FEROCIOUS  
ANIMAL EYE AT NIGHT

Contains a polonium compound  
which makes it glow in the dark  
like an eerie tiger's eye.

Mounted on golden plastic band  
bearing cat's paw design and  
Tom Mix brand.



## Golden Plastic Bullet TELESCOPE



Keenest thing you've ever seen! Makes objects  
4 times larger...look in other end and objects  
will be 20 times smaller. Handy magnifying glass  
for detective work...Wonderful secret compart-  
ment for maps and messages!

**BOTH  
FOR ONLY  
15¢ AND  
ONE  
SHREDDED RALSTON  
BOX TOP**

## Magic Tone SOUND-EFFECTS WHISTLE

Imitates lots of different kinds of birds...  
makes "mumble talk"...handy as a secret  
signal to your friends. Use it to referee or  
cheer at games.

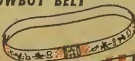
## USE THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK

### COLORFUL COWBOY BELT

Luminous Plastic—  
Glow in The Dark

**\$1.00 VALUE  
for only 20¢**

and 1 SHREDDED RALSTON BOX TOP



White plastic belt that glows in the  
dark. Embossed with real Western  
scenes and brands. Shiny metal  
buckle, engraved with Tom Mix  
design, has secret compartment for  
hiding messages. Adjustable to any  
child's size. Girls will want it, too.



TOM MIX Trading Post, Box 775-FW  
Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 1, Mo.

DEAR TOM: Enclosed are \$\_\_\_\_\_ and  
SHREDDED RALSTON box tops. Please send the following items  
from your Trading Post.

- \_\_\_\_\_ RCA Toy Television Set and Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Golden Plastic Bullet Telescope and Magic-Tone  
Sound-Effects Whistle.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Luminous Cow Boy Belt

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PRINT)

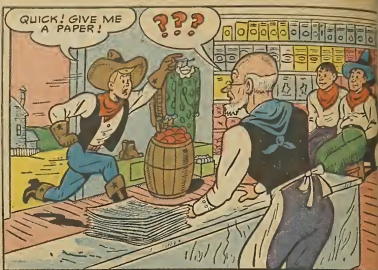
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Offer good only in U. S. and may be withdrawn at any time. Offer void  
if this form of merchandising is licensed, restricted or prohibited in your  
city, county or state.

# CACTUS BRAIN

**TAKES THE PRIZE!**

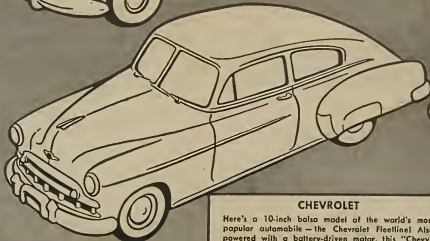


# HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE  
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED  
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH  
**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**  
FULL SIZE PLANS!

## BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



## CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile — the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

# QUICKSAND!

ANOTHER EXCITING "R.C."  
AND QUICKIE ADVENTURE!



"R.C." AND QUICKIE REIN UP BY A STREAM WHEN QUICKIE'S HORSE IS SUDDENLY STARTLED....

HA! RIDE 'EM COWBOY!!

WHO-A-A-A!  
YIKES!



QUICKIE...  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?  
YOU HURT?

NO! BUT...  
BUT I CAN'T  
MOVE, HELP!  
I'M IN  
QUICKSAND!



PU-F-F!  
I CAN'T GET OUT!  
I'M SINKING  
DEEPER!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD,  
QUICKIE! I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED,  
"R.C." SNATCHES AN AX  
FROM HIS SADDLE BAG!

I'VE GOT TO  
HURRY! LUCKY I  
DRANK THAT R.C...  
I'LL NEED LOADS  
OF ENERGY!

"R.C." AND QUICKIE ALWAYS DRINK  
BEST-TASTING ROYAL CROWN COLA!  
THEY ENJOY 2 FULL GLASSES IN THE  
BIG BOTTLE...AND...R.C. MAKES YOU  
FEEL LIKE NEW!



UMP! I'LL SAVE YOU,  
QUICKIE! THIS TREE...  
GRAB IT WHEN IT  
FALLS!

BUT, HURRY! I'M  
GOING DOWN!



YI-P-P-E-E-E!  
YOU DID IT, "R.C."!  
I'M GETTING OUT!



WHEW!  
IT'S GREAT  
TO BE BACK  
ON DRY LAND  
AGAIN!

EXTRA ENERGY CAN MEAN A LOT! SO ENJOY COOL,  
REFRESHING R.C. EVERY DAY! R.C. MAKES YOU  
FEEL LIKE NEW! YES, AND R.C. IS BEST-BY-  
TASTE-TEST, TOO!

YEAH, THAT WAS A  
CLOSE CALL! M'M,  
BOY, THIS R.C. MAKES  
ME FEEL LIKE  
NEW!

